

WHOLE SHIPLOAD OF TEACHERS

PORTO RICO MADE, HERE FOR THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

Kept Out on the River All Night With Food and an Accorded Abroad. No They Won't Get Lost—They're Scared and Saved to Come—Won't See Cony.

The United States Army transport Summer lay at anchor last night in the East River with 300 Porto Rican teachers looking yearningly toward the lights of Manhattan and the line of skyscrapers. They are real teachers who have seen service paddling arithmetic into their young countrymen. But they looked like the graduating class of a Spanish high school. They are very young, and look it.

Small chance will they have to see New York. This summer is a business with them. The Summer will make a landing at Pier 12, East River, at 5 o'clock this morning. As soon as the passengers are up, they will be hustled from the Customs to an early train for Ithaca, where, at the Cornell summer school, they will wrestle with pedagogy and the college brand of English. The Americans in charge are doing this so that none of the charges will get lost in a great city. That is the reason why the Summer tied up in the stream last night instead of landing after she passed quarantine.

It was a tremendous disappointment to the Porto Ricans of New York who gathered at the Government dock bent on giving their countrymen a good time. It was a greater disappointment to the twenty American teachers aboard, home for a vacation and forced to stay aboard with the Porto Ricans. These young women come from all parts of the country. Some of them haven't been home for six years. The Statue of Liberty looked to them. The children of Porto Rico, and the intense zeal for learning and entertainment were more ships than they ever saw before in their lives, took it with more philosophy. The men crowded about and one of them allowed on board and asked ten thousand questions. They are little, brown, hollow-cheeked and young. Some of them own to be 16 years old. Very few are old enough to vote. The seafarers—there are fifty of them—appear even younger. As for looks well, they're plain schoolma'ams, with a brown skin and a tendency toward Spanish plumbeous. They didn't seem averse to masculine company.

John J. Aldrich gets his name from an old French family of Porto Rico, was general spokesman for the men. Francisco Movet, 16 plump and very pretty, talked to them about the American invasion, the English after the American invasion, but he speaks like a New Yorker.

"We're from all over the island," said he. "We've come here to study, not to see sights. We regard it as a great privilege. A great privilege."

The remark was translated into Spanish, and the Porto Ricans stood and nodded their heads gravely.

Samuel W. Eckman, one of the American leaders with the expedition, supplied some details which Aldrich omitted.

"Some of these young people have had a hard struggle to make this trip," he said. "The fight of a working man to get to the university is nothing to it. And before that some of them had a big fight to be teachers at all."

There were a hundred hard times in the island after the hurricane of '99, which laid out the coffee and sugar industry. At just about that time most of these young people were teachers, and one of the teachers lived like Scotch students, through all kinds of hardships.

The teachers who wanted to go on this trip had a month's notice. They were given a year's salary. Young as they are, many of them are breadwinners for their families. So it was a sacrifice to get the money.

Some of the men in the expedition had schools raised the money by selling their horses. They'll walk to school next year. Many a family will get an education this summer because the boy or girl is with us here.

The American schoolteachers spoke in praise of the Porto Ricans. "They're good people," said one. "Hard to drive, but easy to get at through their affections. But talk about mischief! No American boy ever did so much mischief as one of those little, innocent-looking natives."

The mate of the Summer, who understands Spanish, had his own views. "Turn 'em," he said. "We had a nice time getting 'em aboard. They'd lose their heads if they were let loose on the island. We had just two down to dinner the first day out. It was the sickest lot that ever sailed the Atlantic. Maybe they came over to study, but they're not. They're just a lot of mischief makers. If they ain't all married when they get back the Government will be doing mighty well."

When they got over their seasickness the teachers did have a good time. Porto Rican fashion. Some one found an abandoned army drum on board, and one of the crew had an accordion. There was a dance every night. The Summer made a quick trip, getting in a day ahead of schedule.

The Government, private individuals and the teachers themselves contribute to this trip. The teachers, who are given a month's pay. The Government gives the use of the transports Summer and Kilpatrick. The rest of the cost of the trip was raised from the sale of the Summer.

Dr. Samuel M. Lindsay, Porto Rican Commissioner of Education. The Kilpatrick is on her way to Boston with 400 more teachers, who will visit the Harvard summer school. Among these are many negroes.

The Cornell expedition will study hard for six weeks. Then they will visit Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and perhaps New York, and home again in September.

KILLED BY BURSTING FLYWHEEL
Engineer Dared Death to Be His Duty—Factory Superintendent Injured.

MILBURN, N. J., July 1.—One man was killed, another severely injured and heavy damage done to the plant of the Pandamonium Mill Company here last night, when a flywheel weighing five tons broke into fragments while running at high speed. The man killed was Henry A. Wright, engineer of the plant. George Berstler, of Milburn superintendent of the mill, is suffering from a number of cuts and bruises, besides being terribly scalded by escaping steam.

Berstler was standing at the opposite end of the room and a high plate of the flywheel struck the main steam pipe over his head, breaking the pipe and flooding the engine room with steam. He was scalded and was cut and bruised by the iron which rained upon him. Despite his injuries, the superintendent stuck to his post and through the blinding steam he groped his way until he found the valve in the boiler room and shut off the steam. After that he was taken to his home.

Mr. Altman Goes Away.
Mr. B. Altman leaves the city to-day for his annual summer outing and will go as usual to Richfield Springs. He will be accompanied by Mr. M. Friedman, also of R. Altman & Co. They will take a French automobile with them, and will make short tours in it from the Springs.

There was a time when Mr. Altman's appetite for hard work would not permit of his taking any vacation. He has not, but for the last few years he has indulged himself to the extent of spending the hottest part of the summer away from New York. Among his intimates it is said that his interest in Chinese porcelains, Oriental rugs, paintings and antiques, of which he has an exceedingly good collection, has had a tranquilizing effect upon his naturally energetic spirit, but his employees are still sure that he is the most energetic worker in the retail district.

Mr. Altman and Mr. Friedman will be away until some time in September.

NEW BOOKS.

Fine Lovers in a Breadfruit Swamp.

Molly Kilgore was as wise as Ariadne. Of G. Carleton's story of "The Mignon" (Henry Holt & Co.). She tied ribbons on the bushes when she went into the swamp and by this means was enabled to find her way out again. Moulton, the gifted New Yorker, thought that he could cross the swamp easily. "I'm going to take a walk in that swamp," he said to Joe Julian, the Micmac guide. "It's solid rot about not crossing it; it must be. You hang on to me if you don't want to come." This was after a back plate. He sauntered down the swamp smoking a comfortable pipe. "Half an hour afterward he arrived unostentatiously at the dead cooking fire and set down. His cap was gone, his dark hair streaked damply over his forehead, his flannel shirt moulded sharply to his skin; he was also drenched almost all over with mud.

He was at thirty "about the best looking and absolutely the most sought after man in New York, and financially and socially a power in the land." He was within an ace of having to be sought after in the dreadful maw of the swamp on that occasion. It would have been painful to lose so dazzling a New Yorker thus tragically, and he was glad when he got out. He was in a great city. That is the reason why the Summer tied up in the stream last night instead of landing after she passed quarantine.

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PUBLICATIONS.

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riches a plenty, though he was no grammarian.

But certainly Molly and Moulton were all right. They were sufficient for each other. We must direct attention to the unusual beauty of their first meeting. Molly had just arisen from a nap and was down at the edge of the lake, barefooted. "In the north the sky rent suddenly into morning blue, the eastern pink turned orange, the mist faded as the sun came over the hill; but Molly Kilgore was looking at none of them. Before her, straight out across the lake, the vapor had divided; between breast high walls of flame and pearl lay a lane of calm water, and coming down it, as the kings of the earth pass between the living walls of a great multitude, was a birchbark canoe. The girl stood motionless, staring.

"It was none of her own canoes; the morning fishing was let alone at Big Lake Tern, not a soul in camp was awake but herself and the cook. It was a strange canoe, and a strange Indian paddled bow in hand. Her glance flicked to the steering paddle, and she saw a man's head and shoulders, quick and silent. She did not know she drew a long, suffocated breath.

"A man knelt bolt upright in the stern of the canoe, bareheaded and bare-throated against the sun. The set of his head and shoulders was like a stag's, as keenly alert, as graceful; his flannel shirt was rolled up over his bare arms, the carved bow of his wrist changed, fattened and recovered again, like a tempered blade. His face was blade-keen, too, spare, dark, clean-shaven; he held his head a little back and sideways, and his eyes—the sun streamed into the Kilgore girl's eyes and dazzled her, but not till she had seen the man smile. It was not the smile of the men her father knew; it pleased her.

"Certainly the most sought after man in New York. Moulton managed to look very well in his Nova Scotian surroundings. She, too, was from New York, and she also fitted and beautified the environment. "She stood on the landing plank, tall, wide shouldered and round waisted. She had on a white flannel shirt thing, and her white skirt was gathered round her in one young hand, as a nymph gathers her draperies. Her hair was dark and curly, and her heavy silk band, and her shirt bugged over it like a boy's. She was barefooted; he could see the rose of her heels, the wet ivory of her insteps as she stood poised, certain, confident, on the narrow gold of the new plank. She was like a white goddess on a golden pedestal, but there was no marble about her. Her face was white and rose and olive; her careless hair burnt gold; her steady eyes, dark and under the hand that shaded them, shined like the eyes of miracles, she was not thinking of herself at all, but of the oncoming canoe. "Easy!" she cried; she jerked her head sideways, dropped to her knees and swayed forward, catching the gunwale.

"We are glad she got out of the swamp. The story has its affections and its peculiarities, but it is very readable. We jested a little bit, but we did not lay it down. The swamp is not to be laughed at, after all. We found it sufficiently terrible. Horrors should not drag us into such a place, except by way of a story.

Other Books.
A very good account of Leonardo da Vinci's work in the field of modern research is given by Mr. Edward McCurdy in the "Leonardo da Vinci" volume of the Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture series (George Bell and Sons, Macmillans). The newer critics have left painfully little of Leonardo's work to us; Mr. McCurdy can count up only seven paintings, of which one is the ruined "Last Judgment." The illustrations are very good. There is a beautiful photograph of the "Mona Lisa," and the process pictures of the paintings are satisfactory, while those of the drawings are very fine.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we receive an extremely interesting publication called "Documents Relating to the Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana." These were preserved in manuscript by the Philadelphia American Philosophical Society and are now printed for the first time. They are two. The first is a paper addressed to the society by Thomas Jefferson on "The Limits and Bounds of Louisiana," making about 38 pages of the volume. The other is Sir William Dunbar's journal of a voyage along the Mississippi and the Red River with its tributaries; over 200 pages. It is an important paper, with interesting scientific notes. The volume is printed in a limited edition, with wide margins and every luxury of typography and paper.

A new series of books has been started by J. M. Dent & Co., under the name of "Temple Topographies." They are short accounts, illustrated, of interesting places in England. The volume before us is "Stratford-on-Avon," by Herbert W. Tompkins. "Knutsford" and "Broadway" are ready and others will follow. Mr. Tompkins writes a pleasant, popular essay on Shakespeare's town, and Mr. Edmund H. New's woodcuts are charming. The little book is gotten up with the good taste that marks the Dent books. The American publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co.

Another book is added to the pile relating to Parsifal, by Mary Hanford Ford, in "The Legends of Parsifal" (H. M. Caldwell Company). Over her little book, as over most of the others, the Wagnerian fog descends, turning a beautiful medieval legend and poem into an opera libretto. Where Wolfram and Christian and Sir Thomas Malory can tell the tale, Wagner seems superfluous, but after all, so long as attention is drawn again to the legend, what difference does it make what the means is? This is a modest and well done bit of work in its way.

Books Received.
"Protection in Germany," W. Marbut Durnan. (P. S. King & Son, London.)
"Pitts of Mining France," Harry & Newton

FRENCHY THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN

By WILLIAM SAGE

Illustrated. \$1.50

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The illustrated summer book, with map of the Catskills and complete list of hotels and boarding houses, will be sent free on receipt of eight cents postage.

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AMITYVILLE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
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